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cial power. The two latter require less attention, as many of the old institutions could remain, with some additional changes brought into them. The legislative power, on the contrary, will have to be entirely reconstructed. The former Imperial Duma, especially after the reform of June, 1907, did not represent the people at all and ought not to be revived in its old form; the name "Duma" will certainly remain. It seems that a single Russian chamber would be most appropriate, especially if we consider the possibility of a future Russian federation, which will have to have a two-house federal parliament. One chamber for Russia proper, under these circumstances, will be entirely sufficient. Moscow is preferable for the seat of the chamber; the National Assembly will certainly meet at Moscow. As to the future parliament, there can be a choice between Moscow and Petrograd. One consideration, however, is most important: the parliaments must be in the same town with the government, as there must exist the closest contact between them all the time.

(To be continued.)

THE WAR HAS NOT DESTROYED

IV

Our Zeal for Self-Culture

By ARTHUR DEERIN CALL

HEALTH

EXPERIENCES in the war through which we have passed, advantages of some form of universal military training now urged upon us, talk of the school men, warnings of anti-militarists—all seem in agreement with Carlyle, that "health is the highest of all temporal things." This seems to be generally accepted as the truth, notwithstanding such conspicuous exceptions as Alexander Pope, who was far from being an athlete: Cæsar, subject to epilepsy; Darwin, a lifelong sufferer; Francis Parkman, and, indeed, Carlyle himself, both physically handicapped, albeit in different ways. Few doubt the validity of the familiar Spartan doctrine of "mens sana in corpore sano." With the Greeks, we all pay homage to Hygeia, daughter of Esculapius and Goddess of Health, mother of many virtues. The glory of Thermopylæ arose from the cleanliness, sobriety, temperance, and physical training of Spartan military discipline. The same thing has been true in the present war. The cleanest and healthiest nations are and always have been the strongest.

Physical strength has been associated with intellectual greatness in the hero stories of all time. If the William Pitts be the exceptions, the Samsons are the rule. The list is limitless. Pompey, one hundred years before Christ, was a Roman general unsurpassed by any of his soldiers in physical powers. Notwithstanding certain weaknesses, Cæsar overcame them and became an athlete of no mean ability. Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, could and did outrun the mob that chased him. Systems of physical training are not modern inventions, for when Cicero found that he had dyspepsia he cured himself by a

system of gymnastics popular in his day. The legendary hero of Rome, Coriolanus, was conspicuous as a racer and wrestler. We are told that Alcibiades was famous not only for the beauty and grace of his person, but for the strength of his body. Alexander's control of Bucephalus and his power of endurance are equally well known. Themistocles, Socrates, and Plato were all regular gymnasts. The Roman General Sertorius swam the Rhone in full armor. Notwithstanding his lameness, Walter Scott was athletic, as also was Robert Burns. Byron swimming the Hellespont in spite of a physical deformity is a familiar story of literature. The vigorous Dickens took a ten-mile walk daily at four miles an hour. George Sand worked nights that she might enjoy her walks in the daytime. Goethe, the Shakespearean genius of Germany, swam and skated and rode a horse with much skill. Humboldt exercised daily to the point of fatigue. Leonardo da Vinci, the most remarkable genius of all time, was not only a sculptor of horses but a rider of them. Wordsworth's walks from Grasmere, Kant's around old Königsberg, Gladstone's tree-chopping, Roosevelt's melange of physical activities, all illustrate the faith inherent in us all, a faith expressed in the Greek proverb, that "without health, life is not life; life is lifeless."

If we would live, think, and work vigorously while we do live, think, and work—that is to say, if we would be not what Carlyle calls mere animated patent digesters, but whole numbers rather than vulgar fractions merely; if we would have a saving grit and gumption—we must keep sedulously at the business of cultivating health. If we would live, think, and work for the greatest possible number of years, we must agree that the good do not die young, that there should be no "deadline" at fifty years of age, and that we must keep after health everlastingly. If we would live, think, and work with the least possible friction—lovingly, smoothly, kindly—health will help. If we would purpose strongly at critical times, we must first be healthy. If we would burden our friends as little as possible, we must be healthy. If we would that our progeny be strong and healthy, we must first be healthy. Reasons enough, these, for the sedulous cultivation of health. And sound American doctrine withal.

Men admire physical strength because of its evidence of physical health. Healthy men are not cruel. Bismarck waned in character and became a menace largely because of an irritable temper due to a chronic neuralgia. It was a temporary illness at Borodino which in 1812 started Napoleon upon his downward way. On the other hand, Gladstone's preparation for his famous "Home Rule Speech" consisted of an hour of exercise, after which he bathed and ate a light breakfast. Bryant came to his writing with an hour or two of exercise upon rising, each morning of his life.

I recall the sight of tears in the eyes of my favorite teacher as with that eloquence, at once so real and so important to the success of teaching, he said to us: "Gentlemen, I would desire to watch and pray that I may never live to be a burden to them that love me."

I recall asking a class of bright boys some years ago to write for me six reasons why health is desirable. Among the answers was this: "We should be healthy that we may cultivate the specie." Both as he intended and

as he expressed, he was right. There is a reason for our instinctive admiration for the physical strength of Achilles, Valjean, Ursus, John Ridd. Their physical strength fitted their heroic virtues amply and sufficiently. But another source of our interest lies in our hope for a better race biologically. As by studying the laws of breeding we have been able to develop finer and finer types of plant and animal, so through these laws we hope also to witness a better breeding of men. One generation depends for its health upon the health of the generations gone before. We know that we owe it to our children that they be well born. Hence our interest in all stories of physical strength among men. If might is not right, might is as likely to be right as weakness.

Because of the war, men recognize more clearly than ever that the modern stress of competitive life may, because of the loss of sunlight and fresh air in cities and because of unsanitary country conditions, threaten the nervous systems; hence the minds and morals of men; hence the efficiency of the nation. It is realized, therefore, that the schools, urban or rural, must provide games and feats of strength and skill, free if possible, directed where necessary. Every city school system aims now to have physicians and physical directors, these in preference to any other special supervisors—directors competent to adapt exercises to individual needs and to prescribe the proper course in hygiene for particular defects. The public will see more and more clearly that the prescriptions of such officers should be as compulsory as the law of attendance.

If, as has been demonstrated, the success of a nation depends upon the health and strength of its units, and if the physical welfare of the units depends upon the intelligent employment of sunlight, oxygen, food, and exercise, then the public cannot leave out of account sunlight, oxygen, food, and exercise, in the education of its children. The realization of this truth is at the bottom of our Playground and Recreation Association of America, with its National Physical Education Service. Many other organizations are at the business of promoting universal physical education for the same reason—the Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, Medical Associations, Red Cross, Boy Scouts, School Hygiene Associations, Physical Education Associations, Child Welfare Workers, and many others.

A physician and physical director over a well-equipped gymnasium with baths, and a playground with all the outdoor physical apparatus and room for the various sports of childhood, should be a conspicuous department of the school everywhere. Not only the bodies but the minds and morals of the race depend largely upon the provision man makes for the education of its children in health.

Adam says to Orlando, in "As You Like It":

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

Or perhaps, better still, this from Emerson:

"Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset

and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the sense and understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams."

A song of health, indeed, and the expression of a very great American.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE

The war has not been won by physical strength alone. The experience of the last three years has brought home to us that we must go about the business with renewed energy of educating, disciplining, and storing our minds. Training of the intellect has meant training in mastery, training in tendencies to behavior, training in the organization of our resources—a training which revealed our limitations and powers and showed to us our proper place among the forces of the world. Education became the means of acquiring and prolonging life its very self. Here the war has certainly brought us a gain.

It is the human intellect that tills the field, perfects the loom, fells the forest, plows the sea, builds the home, spells out the stars, establishes justice, and holds up all that is fair and beautiful and, therefore, true along the footpaths of life. The human intellect is Truth's avenue to expression, and in Ruskin's phrase, "Truth is the one virtue of which there are no degrees. There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimation of wisdom, but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain." We have had to use our brains of late, for mistakes in time of war are costly.

The discipline of the mind is the only way to freedom. Nero, with the liberty of an emperor, passed through license and lawlessness to abject slavery to his unbridled ignorance and lusts, while Epictetus, the slave, passed serenely from the joy of contemplation and forbearance to a perfect freedom. Freedom is not from without, but from within. Freedom is an intellectual, not a physical affair. Legree was the slave in Mrs. Stowe's book. Compared with him, Uncle Tom was in no sense a slave. The future of freedom for the next generation is in the hands of the people most capable of self-discipline. Who knows which people that is? Every American hopes that that proud distinction may fall to America.

The mind sees in the world what the mind has within itself to see with. This is the bald expression of the law of apperception. A traveler returned to America after a year in Italy and wondered why people raved so about Rome. It was suggestively hinted that perhaps he took nothing with him. The undisciplined mind stands dumb in unusual situations. The hopelessness of ignorance is its helplessness in new and untried predicaments. Lack of co-ordination, absence of the power of adaptation to new environments, these are inheritances of the undisciplined mind.

The mind stored with pictures from the beautiful in any of the arts cannot complain of loneliness. There are fewest lonesome wastes for the mind that really knows. Rich in friendships is the seeker after verihood. There is no dearth of companions for the friend of books. The artist and the poet need no solace. All the riches of oriental splendor, all the company of prophets and seers, all the music and art and beauty of the ages, are theirs. The stored and disciplined mind knows less deserts of solitude, less unhappy wandering

in the wilderness alone, less tears of kithless isolation, less empty days, because it is stored and disciplined.

Once more, mental discipline has enabled us to win at crises. George Eliot has pointed out that men are what they prove to be, not so much in the humdrum of the daily round as at the crises of life. Tell me how a man acted at a great crisis and I will tell you what he has been in truth, in the secret, silent hours of his whole past life. The war has given us a justifiable pride in the character of American training, because America has acquitted herself well in a great crisis.

The war has done nothing to destroy the truth that there is no self-culture without a corresponding disciplining and storing of the mind.

SINCERITY

Men are not less sincere because of the war; indeed, our condemnation of the insincerity of our enemies has turned our minds anew to the value of sincerity. Insincerity ever tends to destroy itself. I have already spoken of the joy of sincerity. As with Napoleon's armies, so in life, it is the tramp of the genuine army of a man's moral reserve that puts the enemy to rout. It is far easier to be than to bluff. There is no syllogistic force in noise, whether it be in fancy clothes, jewelry, pedantry, or political nostrums.

Our victory in this war was first a victory over self. Our triumph in our emergency was possible because of much patient toil in obscurity. Our reaping followed our sowing in the springtime. Wherever the sowing be sincerity, sincerity will the harvest be.

That brilliant, ambitious, unfortunate Gwendolin Harleth, in George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, aspired, when it was too late, to be a great singer. She consulted the renowned Klesner, little doubting that she would receive from that master much praise and encouragement. Klesner's words to her are worth committing to memory:

"You must not think of celebrity; put that candle out of your eyes and look only at excellence. You have not said to yourself, I must know this exactly; . . . Yet the desire and the training should have begun seven years ago, or a good deal earlier. A mountebank's child who helps her father earn shillings when she is six years old, a child that inherits a singing throat from a long line of choristers and learns to sing as it learns to talk, has a likelier beginning. Any great achievement in acting grows with its growth. Whenever an artist has been able to say, 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' it has been at the end of patient practice. Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline. Singing and acting, like the dexterity of the juggler with his cups and balls, require a shaping of the organs toward a finer and finer certainty of effect. Your muscles, your whole frame, must go like a watch—true, true, true to a hair. That is the work of springtime, before habits have been determined."

The best things man gets are the sincere things he gets for himself, as far as possible alone and unaided, climbing as best he can on his own feet. If they fly at all, kites fly against, not with, the wind. And this is a very practical truth.

Principal Booker T. Washington once told his boys at Tuskegee that while visiting a southern city a short

time before, and examining the houses of the colored people there, he noticed one looking much the best in all the neighborhood. Upon inquiry he found that that house was the home of a Tuskegee graduate, who had begun his life work by fixing up the old home. He had repaired the roof and chimney, put new palings in the fence, painted the house outside and in, and much besides. The principal said that he considered that house to be the highest possible praise for the work done at Tuskegee; and he was right. That is an illustration of the good American doctrine of sincerity and honest accomplishment, a belief which still survives. Our nation's experience of three years, as far as it has been sincere, has not harmed but helped in the advancement of principles such as these—principles worth while indeed.

And sincerity of our aims has been a profound source of national satisfactions. It is not true, as Socrates and Spinoza might have taught, that if we but know the genuine we shall therefore be genuine. Neither is it true, as Schopenhaur implied, that if only we desire the sincere we shall then be sincere. Indeed, it is not both in knowing and desiring the right that men become sincere. It is by knowing, desiring, and doing the sincere thing that men reach their permanent satisfactions. We have had an interest outside ourselves for three years. We have pursued that interest. The health of our young men was necessary. The education, discipline, and storing of the mind did their share. The sincerity of our purpose helped immeasurably. We have all been infinitely comforted to find so much in us, physically, mentally, and morally, that is worthy.

By these qualities we arose to our opportunities. By them we shall acquire and advance new and fairer stretches along the ways of our democratic aspirations. I believe this because by these well-tried means we obtain the only freedom that we ever get, because by them we keep our companionships with the great souls—the Jeremiahs, Goethes, Darwins, Lincolns—companionships which strengthen where we need strength. Intelligent sincerity springing from the great health of our nation, we may be comforted to believe in our great despondency, will tune our ears again to the Easter chorus of the angels:

"Christ ist erstanden!
Selig der Liebende
Der die betrübende,
Hellsam und übende
Prüfung bestanden." *

But, more, out of the health, intelligence, and sincerity of us we may again respond, as did the despairing Faust:

"O tönet fort, ihr süßen Himmelslieder!
Die thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder!†

* Christ is arisen!
Happy the loving one
Who the afflicting,
Wholesome and chastening
Trial has withstood.

† O sound on, ye sweet heavenly strains!
The tear flows, the earth possesses me again!

THE NERVE OF OUR PEOPLE

The nerve of the American people has been tested by the war, not only their physical bravery at the front of battle, but their intellectual bravery, and the very sincerity of bravery in office, chemical laboratory, shop, and home. This nerve of our people has not been exhausted. Our crowded schools and colleges are but one indication of the American ambition to educate, discipline, and store the mind. The process by which man separates himself from the brute—that is to say, his pursuits of an ideal—is still an active thing in America. Ambition, a quality condemned by Quintillian, tends to become among us praiseworthy and abiding. To desire the high opinion of good people, markedly characteristic of the French, is a laudable characteristic also of ourselves. The desire for companionship with the best, the ambition to be ambitious, the interest in being interested in the creative things of life, is still wholeheartedly American. And it is good.

The American intelligence is not less creative because of the war. I know a gentleman who, falling heir to over a million dollars, contemplated with no little satisfaction the prospect of ease and comfort. He purchased many pictures; he built a beautiful home; he traveled extensively, encircling the globe in differing directions three different times. In his search for happiness, however, he has at last turned to a small business and is today finding contentment in the manufacture, for hotels and restaurants, of originally designed and embossed menu cards. The American temper demands an effective share of the world's work. The consciousness of being creative, of producing something, is to the American mind the forerunner of self-culture. We have all been impressed by the creative skill of our men and women during the war, by the making of equipment, ships, buildings, by the transporting, by the healing.

What some call dangers to America present no insurmountable difficulties to healthy Americans. The returned doughboy seeks and finds a job, and he is making good in it. Our institutions will outlive the threats of violence. The American conception of labor is that all labor is dignified. Brains and technical wisdom are found in every American workshop. No class of men has a monopoly of learning in these latter days. In the main, our young men have learned out of their war experience the spirit of fair play. They are convinced that merit meets its deserts. Worth is the Pegasus by which we mount. In Schiller's story, Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses was sold by a care-worn poet for a small sum to a cruel clodhopper. The wings and the beautiful figure of the noble animal were mere blemishes in the eyes of the rustic. So the wings of Pegasus were tied and the graceful creature was hitched to the plow. But the scheme was not successful. Apollo slit the bonds, and Pegasus mounted the rays of the morning sun over the temple standing far on the distant mountain. The Pegasus of worth cannot be bound. That is good American doctrine still.

It is still contrary to the best American spirit to depend for advance upon "pull" or influence not within one's self. It is still American to do something every day that will furnish an active, tangible basis for self-respect and for the respect of others. It is still American to appreciate courtesy, amiability, kindness. It is

still American to cultivate friendships. It is still American to render public service. It is still American to listen to the art of a Kreisler and to appreciate it. It is still American to make the following sentiment our own—a truth that comes to us from the magic soul of the German Goethe:

"Everything cries out to us that we must renounce. Thou must go without, go without! There is the everlasting song which every hour, all our life through, hoarsely sings to us. Die and come to life; for so long as this is not accomplished thou art but a troubled guest upon an earth of gloom."

Emerson, who can in no sense be called sanctimonious, also turned the thought for every serious American when he said:

"A man was not born for prosperity, but to suffer for the benefit of others, like the noble rock maple, which all round our villages bleeds for the service of man."

And George Eliot, too, whose philosophy rarely rings false, puts into the music of poetry a slightly different aspect of this real American aspiration:

"May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony.

So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Americans still continue to catch the enthusiasms of genuine hero-worship and to emulate high behavior, wherever found. The oncoming American generations will continue to be quickened by the story of Keats, born of a most humble parentage, yet famous before he was even of age; of Turner, painter, son of a poor barber; of Lord Clive, considered worthless as a lad, yet enabling England to retain her vast empire in India; of Peter Cooper working in a glue factory as a boy; of Prideaux doing kitchen duty to get through college and becoming a famous orientalist; of many an obscure doughboy rising to stimulating heights of a self-forgetting full measure of devotion.

THE WILL TO RESIST

Beginning with the joint resolution passed by the United States Congress, April 6, 1917, America went forth because there were "no other means of defending our rights." America believes that it must on occasions stand up for its rights. Jesus cleansing the temple by means of a whip of small cords is to the average American a satisfying lesson in the value of strenuous self-assertion for a principle, when strenuous self-assertion for principle is required. America has demonstrated that she can resist force with force, and she will remember that. Possibly she will remember it too vividly; for there is another kind of resistance to evil, a hyper-resistance that is irresistible, and which must not be forgotten.

I treasure the memory of a friendship through a number of years with Thomas K. Beecher, a unique and brilliant soul. I knew him long misrepresented and misunderstood, yet of his complete victory over the city of Elmira. Refusing ever to "talk back" or to take per-

sonal issue with those who saw fit to oppose him, teaching his lessons, living his life, dying, today his statue in bronze adorns the public park in his native city, and, what is more, the memory of his heroic spirit lives in every life of that city, and will forever.

I recall another character, a man none the less real because we meet him in a work of fiction. He is still alive in Hugo's *Les Misérables*, the greatest novel I have ever read. This man's name is Jean Valjean. In all the pages of song or story I know of no character more firmly and wonderfully drawn. The pathos, the agony, the luminous spirit of that ex-convict as he moves the very world about him, not by physical force, though he was possessed of great stores of that, but by his hyper-resistance to the forces which would so unjustly persecute and kill him. I recall especially his revenge upon that stern and unjust disciple of justice, Javert—Javert, who had driven him from position and influence, who had hounded him for years through the streets of Paris; Javert, who had caused him to live a veritable death on the face of the earth. This brutal policeman, the story runs, was at last a prisoner of Valjean's, and the time had come for the noble hero to rid himself of his ignoble foe. Notwithstanding the shots that were aimed constantly in their direction from behind the barricade, Valjean undid the rope which fastened Javert at the waist and signaled him to rise. Javert obeyed. They went over the wall, Valjean with pistol in hand. They reached a secluded spot. Valjean took from his pocket a clasp-knife. He cut the martingale around the neck of the haughty officer. Then he cut the ropes around the wrists, and then those at the feet. Then, straightening himself, he said to the man—and the heroism, the manhood, the Christlike spirit of it all!—he said: "You are free." Overcome, Javert went out and took his own life. And then—but the story is a long one and cannot be told here. There is no book so filled with tears as this account of the outcasts. And we can never think of Jean Valjean without an indescribable feeling of reverence and of awe. We can readily imagine the night on which he died; that it was starless and intensely dark, and, as Hugo says, that "some immense angel was standing in the gloom with outstretched wings, waiting for the soul."

The American people have maintained their rights; but, more, the American people have sensed a finer thing than the maintenance of rights by physical force. In the magic of Mr. Wilson's words, for example, they, and indeed the rest of the world, have seen the vision of that force which creates, directs, and controls physical force—a superior force, a hyper-resistance, a force, indeed, that overcomes greed by ideals, evil by good, wrong by righteousness. This hyper-resistance, in spite of the abuse of the police power in mill and mine, has not been lost out of American life by anything that has happened through the war.

ENJOYMENT

The moralists tell us that it is proper that we should get all the enjoyment possible out of life, as long as we maintain it a dutiful once. That is good American doctrine still. This does not mean a return to Epicurus; it is the wholesome American enjoyment in well-doing, in going and coming, in working and in playing, in all

things whatsoever. Have fun, says the American still. If the job be irksome, do it—and play golf. It is American to hitch an avocation to the vocation, just for fun. There must be fun.

During the stress of his journalistic career, Horace Greely was wont to escape from New York now and then for a day to find fun in working on his farm up the Hudson. He called it his "hobby" and insisted that a man draws life from his hobby; that in truth a man without a hobby has his part soon played in the world. That is now typically American. Oliver Wendell Holmes took photographs and found fun working at a turning-lathe during his leisure moments. Joseph Jefferson said that his pictures, good or bad, saved his reason and his life when both were threatened by the monotony of his professional tasks. Charlotte Yonge's advice to mothers was, "keep a good novel in your work-basket—for repairs." The sweet-spirited Francis of Assisi gave up all the attractions of his noble birth-right, asking no help from any man, taking up his epoch-making work naked and penniless, trusting to the Lord only to clothe and feed him. But this same Francis kept his violin, and in the lonely places rested from the sadness of his work with the lepers, as he played. The popularity of competitive sports, of the theater and the dance, of the funny story, the newspaper cartoon, are all evidence of the persistence of the will to fun among us American folk.

CONCLUSION

America is not only a synonym for opportunity; in spite of the war, in part because of it, America means also health, discipline, sincerity, ambition, usefulness, bravery, hyper-resistance to the wrong, enjoyment. America understands this. More, she feels it. Better still, she will keep at the business of working out these qualities concretely, because it is decidedly American to make use of such personal qualities as lead to self-culture. The war has not destroyed this hopeful American trait.

SWITZERLAND, HOLLAND, AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By Dr. B. DE JONG VAN BEEK EN DONK

SWITZERLAND

ON THE 19th of November, at 8 o'clock in the morning—at an early hour, when probably the majority of the members of parliaments of other countries are still asleep and it would be very difficult to collect the legal quorum necessary to pass a resolution, to say nothing of the assembling of a complete parliament, such as is desirable for solemn occasions—the Swiss National Council, after six days of discussion, adopted the proposal of the government for its entrance into the League of Nations by 124 votes to 45 votes. This was immediately followed by a discussion about the few various articles, and punctually at 11 o'clock the decisive final voting took place. The National Assembly decided by 128 votes to 43, therefore with a three-quarter majority, and in the absence of 18 members (including the vacancies caused by death and the en-